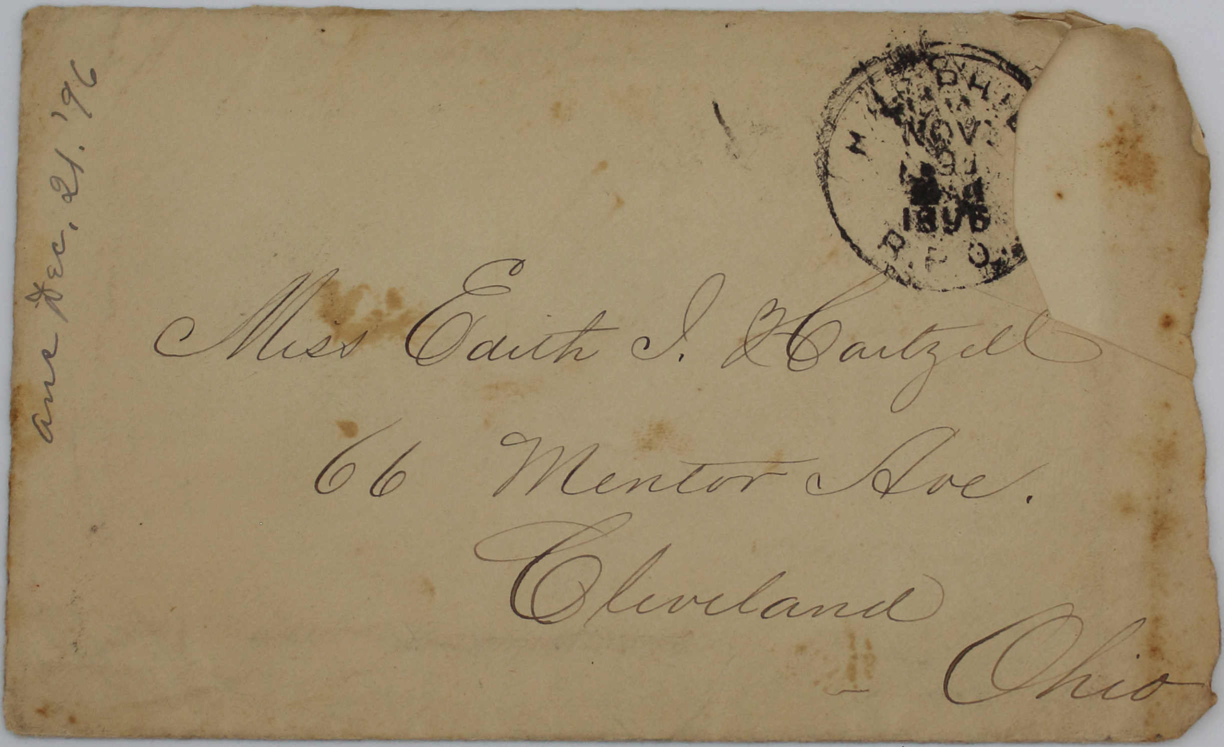

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R.P.O.

Miss Edith I. Hartzell
66 Mentor Ave.
Cleveland
Ohio

LATE

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Sunday Eve
Nov. 8th 1896

5337 KNOX STREET,
GERMANTOWN, PA.

My dear "daughter Edith"

I cannot tell you all the many many thoughts which have been going out to you constantly, in these weeks when I have been too busy and hurried, to find time to send them to you on paper. For a week or so, I seemed to be thinking of you nearly every hour, in between the many things I was doing — until I began to think there must be some special reason for it — and I turned the thoughts into prayers, that whatever was the trouble with my child, the dear Lord would help & comfort her, and carry her safely through — I think from what your letter tells me, that it was just at the time your dear mother was so ill - poor dear - I am So sorry for you, to read of all the sorrow and sadness, and anxiety which has come to you, since the day you bid me goodbye so bravely, and I so longingly looked after you, & so wanted to keep you near me. One thing after another has come, & "change" is indeed written all over your plans - I have waited day by day, for the letter from my brother. It only came last evening, and I send it right on, hoping it may indeed be a help to you, and that you will be able to remain in C. and be near your dear ones - especially since your Pittsburg home is broken. I feel so sorry for your poor cousin It is indeed not an easy thing, when a man grows older, to get again into business, when obliged to surrender - after having held out so far, during these terrible years of depression, it

seemed hard he should have to "go
under," just when things seemed to be
on the verge of brightening, as now looks
probable – Everywhere there seem to
be hopeful hearts – men at work once
more – mills & factories opening – and
more courage and hope in the faces
of men. I do not wonder, dear,
that your "pocket book is flat" – I
should think it would be – and
am only glad *you* are not so,
your own self – It has been a long,
hard strain for you – and I wish
you were here beside me tonight,
to tell me all about it – and let me
look into your face, and "cuddle"
you a little bit – poor child.
Miss Nannie & I are here alone –
Mrs. Bacon has gone for a week or
more, to my sister Mrs. Parke's – &
Miss Lily & my nephew, to spend
Sunday with friends – It seems funny
to have so small a family – but two

will return tomorrow — All of us are pretty well — I am *very* much better — in fact pretty well, when I am careful — but I cannot bear much strain yet — A too busy day, gives me a too wakeful night — but now that I *feel* like myself, it is very hard not to *work* like my old self — especially when, everywhere in this world of ours, there always seems so much to *be* done. I have not seen *any* of your friends, nor heard of them, since you left — except the item in the paper I sent you — and a call from Mrs. Cameron — who came to see if I could help her with her rent — She does not seem to have gone to England — but is keeping a little lunch room in the city — she & her daughter, & son, & his wife, & baby living together, in the same house — Tiny out here, where she was boarding next to my Aunt's, Main & Walnut Lane. Has had but little to do — also the other nurse daughter — I have heard nothing whatever of Mrs Magoffin, but have wondered how & where she was, & what Condition her sad affairs are in now — We have had a sad time over at the Hospital. The head nurse there — You know who I mean, & I will not write names — has gone away sick — never, I fear, to be *any* better — but before she left, she was trying to brace herself up by the use of Chloral &c. &c. until she overdosed, and things were in a terrible state for awhile — and before any of us knew of it — It has been pitiful — if you were here, I would tell you more — but I will not write it — You would hardly have recognized her, in the noisy, excited, wild state she was in — & I feel so sorry for her — Sick, & going home to her mother, whose support she has been — It was too bad — and it has been *very* bad for the Hospital too. for patients have been neglected & nurses frightened &c. &c —

Did your sister Jennie have typhoid fever too? is there anything the matter with their house? or how did they both have it at the same time? It has been such a hot, trying summer, I fear people are weakened, & ready for anything that comes in the way of illness - but do give to them both, a message of kindest remembrance from me, and tell them how sorry I am - and please dear, dont you follow in their footsteps! - I enclose a check for twenty dollars ($20.) and hope that will help your present necessities - and that you may soon find patients, not too wearing upon your own strength, but paying you well, that you may once more be on your feet - You can return it any time you are able - & in any way you please - in little sums, or larger ones - I am only glad it is in my power to give

your help over this hard place, and
I know very well, you would not ask
me for it, if your need was not great.
And now dear, I must stop – God
bless and keep you – Think often, my
child, of the dear little times you
and I had together, in our days by the
sea – of our little readings in the morning,
and the precious words we talked of –
Do you remember the little 1, 2, 3, 4
letter text – "*I* *am* *with* *you*" – Never
forget it – talk to Him often – make
a dear *intimate* friend of Him –
Tell Him *everything* – and *lean* on
Him – and wait for His answer –
May He strengthen and guide
you, always and everywhere –
And now goodnight – your
true and loving friend, who
will *never* forget, all your sweet
kind care of her –

J. H. Henry

your "Mudder dear"